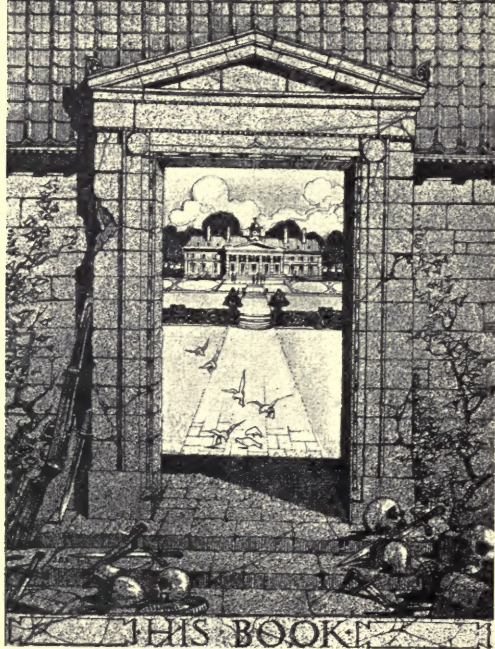


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DE FLAGELLO MYRTEO



CHRISTOPHER STONE



THIS BOOK

DE FLAGELLO MYRTEO

De Flagello Myrteo

CCCLX

THOUGHTS AND FANCIES ON LOVE

BY

RICHARD GARNETT

Implicat casas virentes de flagello myrteo.

PERVIGILIUM VENERIS.

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ἀνάθημα μὲν Ἔρωτι καὶ Νύμφαις, κτῆμα δὲ
τερπνὸν πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις, ὃ καὶ τὸν ἐρασθέντα
ἀναμνήσει, τὸν οὐκ ἐρασθέντα προπαιδεύσει.
πάντως γὰρ οὐδεὶς ἔρωτα ἔφυγεν ἢ φεύξεται,
μέχρις ἂν κάλλος ἦ καὶ ὀφθαλμοὶ βλέπωσιν.
ἡμῖν δ' ὁ θεὸς παράσχοι σωφρονῶσι τὰ τῶν
ἄλλων γράφειν.

*This little World of Love was made for thee,
O thou whose love makes World a heaven for me.
Idle the task, the labour unrepaid,
Lit not thy sunny smile its sacred shade.
To bowers with Libya's myrtle-bloom beset
Bring in thyself a sweeter violet;
The secret dells explore, the summits bright
Ascend; nor dread to meet another's sight.
Though many a maze allure thy curious tread,
Yet, ever roaming, ne'er wilt thou be led
To World in other than thy image made,
Or Love in other guise than thine arrayed.*

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I.

The three eldest children of Necessity : God, the World, and Love.

II.

Could one necessary existence be more necessary than another, Love might almost be deemed more necessary than God ; for Love without God we can conceive, but God without Love we cannot.

III.

God is omnipotent because all-loving. Were there any that God loved not, that creature could resist him.

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IV.

Love is God's essence; Power but his attribute; therefore is his love greater than his power.

V.

Love hath not called God into being, but he hath called him into energy.

VI.

The sleep of Deity had been perpetual, had he not dreamed of Love.

VII.

God may be distinguished, but not divided from the World. World without God were an effect without a cause; but God without World were a cause without an effect.

VIII.

The aspiration of lovers: to be as necessary to each other as the World to God, and God to the World.

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IX.

The purpose of Love: that of making two lives as beautiful as God desires and the World will permit.

X.

The heaven of Love: the eternal *Thou*.

XI.

Praise of wine is ennobled by being understood mystically of the Divinity: not so praise of Love.

XII.

Love and Religion alone can not merely adorn but renovate the World for thee. The other beneficent Powers have the pencil that decorates, but not the wand that transforms.

XIII.

Would the atheist continue such, let him beware how he admits Love into his breast: for God will surely come along with him.

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XIV.

Thou mayest bar thy door against Divine Love and yet leave it free for Human Love; but if thou deniest it to Love Human, expect no visit from Love Divine.

XV.

Thou canst not pray to God without praying to Love, but mayest pray to Love without praying to God.

XVI.

Implore of both that thou mayest fulfil thy Love's ideal of thee; and if this be granted thou wilt have little to desire.

XVII.

Every existence, saving the Supreme, must be miserable without an Ideal. Love, therefore, hath a conception of something that he is not and fain would be: but what this is neither can he declare nor could we understand.

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XVIII.

Then only is Love blind when he beholds not the Ideal.

XIX.

The Ideal authenticates the lover, as the halo the saint.

XX.

How many who have a clear sight of Love Ideal have never been permitted a glimpse of Love Incarnate! Yet, if thou hast Love Incarnate thou hast Love Ideal also; for thine own Ideal he needs must be, however below the true Ideal of Love.

XXI.

Ideal Love in this life is like the rainbow, which dwells nowhere but in heaven, yet is beheld nowhere but upon earth.

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XXII.

Thou mayest without immodesty be enamoured
of thine own soul when thou findest her features
in the soul of thy Love.

XXIII.

Love alone can tell the thoughts of Love, and
to do this he must look within.

XXIV.

Love's face to Love no earthly date betrays :
There are the oldest and the youngest days.

XXV.

Love's foot is on, not of, terrestrial clay,
Nor is his face celestial flame and air :
Heaven, adding much, finds nought to take
away,
Except the veil Love needs no more to
wear.

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XXVI.

Give thy Love pebble for her diamond,
If better may not be, but never glass.

XXVII.

Pygmalion's bride was marble before she was
flesh, and clay before she was marble: but she
was never plaster at any time.

XXVIII.

In the religion of Love the courtesan is a
heretic; but the nun is an atheist.

XXIX.

Make no vestal vow, unless Love himself will
be surety for thee.

XXX.

Then is Love blest, when from the cup of the
body he drinks the wine of the soul.

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XXXI.

No intimacy of caress is refused to lovers, provided that the caress be there for the sake of the love, and not the love for the sake of the caress.

XXXII.

Vain the caress, though by a goddess given,
That soul as body raises not to heaven.

XXXIII.

Earthly passion is as the song of the nightingale, which charms chiefly at night, and ceases after no long time.

XXXIV.

Some maintain that Sappho only composed her songs while Hesperus throbbed in the firmament; and that is why they are so transcendent, so impassioned, and so few.

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XXXV.

Though the light of the Evening Star be so gentle, yet is she a proud beauty, who consents to shine only so long as she hath no rival.

XXXVI.

The Soul would fain identify herself with Love, and, while that may not be, her wings are fettered, but never at rest. But her songs rise to heaven's threshold like the lark's, and like his fall to earth again.

XXXVII.

The earthly element in Love should be like God, "unseen but ever near."

XXXVIII.

The cup of cold water, the cup of the vine, and the cup of Love cannot be had without Earth; but none of them should taste of it.

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XXXIX.

The Nautilus is Nautilus no less
For creeping on the oozy ocean-floor ;
And Love is ever love, though merged in Sense :
Yet must both rise into the realm of Light,
Would they be borne along by breath from
Heaven.

XL.

Psyche's slavery to Venus denotes the cruelty
of the yoke of Desire in the absence of Love.

XLI.

Love and Desire contended for primacy,
"Without me," said Love, "was nothing
created." "Nor without me," answered Desire,
"was anything begotten." Then Love admitted
Desire to his companionship ; but, when they
walk together, Love always goes first.

XLII.

Seen by himself, Desire appears the least well-

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favoured of the Gods : but when he is in Love's company, the two can hardly be distinguished.

XLIII.

Desire can hang the head, but cannot blush :
When, then, Love, bending o'er the imaging
stream,
Sees for his own the likeness of Desire,
Blushing, he knows himself again for Love.

XLIV.

When Love and Desire repose together, should
Desire wake first, Love continues to slumber ;
but if Love, Desire wakes along with him.

XLV.

Love and Love always read together from the
same book, but not always from the same page.

XLVI.

For enduring union souls must be framed not

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only from the same essence but in the same mould :—

Stream with stream mingles everlastingly ;
But stream with lake is joined but to depart.

XLVII.

Philosophers have disputed whether the atom be infinitely divisible or absolutely indivisible. The former is true of Affection, the latter of Love.

XLVIII.

Affection can give everything but herself : doth she this, she is no longer Affection but Love.

XLIX.

Sweet is the gradual growth of affection : but bitter the fear of estranging Friendship without embracing Love.

L.

There is one touchstone of right and wrong in things pertaining to Love : is Love increased or

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diminished thereby? But who shall prove the touchstone itself? Among the ancients Venus had innumerable temples, and but one oracle.

LI.

Love pines without Faith, but Faith perishes without Love.

LII.

Passion doth sometimes whirl the torch of Love,
Lest into Friendship fade the waning flame.

LIII.

The board of Friendship is bountifully spread :
yet is she fain for the crumbs that fall from the
table of Love.

LIV.

Once in a hundred years, as aloes flower,
The stem of Friendship crowns itself with Love.

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LV.

To become Love, Friendship needs what Morality needs to become Religion—the fire of emotion.

LVI.

Love's fire-bearer is Sex : hence his torch is rarely kindled for two men ; and still more rarely for two women.

LVII.

Yet man and woman may dispense with the fire of Sex when they have fire of their own. In Cythna's speech to Laon (*Revolt of Islam*, canto ix.) there is not a word which might not have been equally well said by Laon to her.

LVIII.

Not so with the description of their bridal, which could proceed from Laon alone. But his ardent words offend none, for they are spoken in Heaven.

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LIX.

Perfect Love casts out Prudery together with Fear.

LX.

Perhaps Love never feels for his love quite as he ought till he is able to say to her with perfect justice and sincere conviction, "O you foolish little creature!"

LXI.

Eros did in one respect fail in his duty to Psyche: he gave her gems and pearls, scarves and zones, odours and unguents, kisses and embraces without number: but he never gave her anything to forgive.

LXII.

Joy to forgive and joy to be forgiven
Hang level in the balances of Love.

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LXIII.

The child would say the Sea was made of waves ;
And Love to lookers-on seems but caress :
Yet Sea it is makes Wave, not Wave the sea ;
And sea in calm is Sea, and Love is Love.

LXIV.

Teach thy Love, and rejoice if she better the
instruction : but beware lest, like an unwise
ruler, thou extend the domain of her mind at the
expense of its peace.

LXV.

Remember, saith the Buddhist, that in striving
to become noble for thy Love's sake, thou makest
merit for her also, and profitest her as well as
thyself in the world to come.

LXVI.

The alchemists strive to make gold out of base
metals : and there are those who would make
Love out of sensuality and self-interest.

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LXVII.

The heart of gold befits any virtue rather than
Love: for gold is the hardest to melt of any of
the metals.

LXVIII.

To heaven of Love, kind sire with silver hair,
Guide; for I well perceive thou hast been there.

LXIX.

Love would sometimes be in danger of drown-
ing in his own honey, stood not Unlove and
Dispeace at hand to draw him forth.

LXX.

The fruit of Love is savoury to the core;
And even his wormwood is not all distaste.

LXXI.

Desire is oft the morning star of Love,
And Love the Hesper of fulfilled Desire.

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LXXII.

Cupid is as the little barking dog that chases the flock of Eros along the road of Life.

LXXIII.

Cupid can tame lions, but not himself.

LXXIV.

The torch of Cupid emits much heat but little light; but the torch of Eros enlightens even more than it inflames.

LXXV.

Eros deports himself reverently towards all the Gods: but Cupid would make a kite of the veil of Isis.

LXXVI.

The Western man drove the Oriental out of Greece in the days of Themistocles. O that the Western ideal of Woman could have done the same!

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LXXVII.

If one had disparaged Laura to Petrarch, and Beatrice to Dante, indignation would have made Petrarch voluble, and Dante dumb.

LXXVIII.

My Love has said things which have made me feel as one who, wandering through a fair grove, suddenly comes upon Heaven reflected in a still water.

LXXIX.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."
If there is any exception to this divine maxim, it is the kiss of Love.

LXXX.

One kiss cannot bestow the sweetness of a thousand, but may bestow more assurance than a million.

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LXXXI.

She who hath kissed, although her frame be
screened,
Hath robed her soul in Coan drapery.

LXXXII.

She who puts up her lips to be kissed, would
give: she who puts them down, would receive.

LXXXIII.

If ever gentle kiss unwelcome prove,
'Tis kiss of Sleep, that steals Love's thought
from Love.

LXXXIV.

Though Love be chief among Divinities,
Yet two must he petition, Sleep and Death.
"Thy poppy with my myrtle-garland, Sleep,
Twine not, nor thou thy cypress, Death, too
soon!"

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LXXXV.

"Deny me not," thus Sleep entreateth Love,
"To fold my pinion in thy Paradise :
Thou knowest I may never enter Heaven."

LXXXVI.

Not every God hath leave to dwell in Heaven :
Birthright is it of none, save only Love.

LXXXVII.

Sleep, if thou wilt, with thy Love's picture or
letter under thy pillow, but remember not to
leave them there.

LXXXVIII.

Occasion ne'er comes soon enough for Love
Till she is past ; then, missed be she or used,
Love ever wishes she were yet to come.

LXXXIX.

Occasion is as a burning-glass that gathers to
a focus the perpetual effluence of the light and
warmth of Love.

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XC.

I prayed Love to come and dwell in my breast, but to leave his arrow and his torch behind. "Thou hadst not asked this," he answered, "were they not within it already."

XCI.

I offered Love gold, and he said, Wouldst thou corrupt me? and spices, and he said, Wouldst thou entomb me? and jewels, and he said, Darest thou think that thou canst adorn me? Then I gave him new feathers for his wings, and he flew away. When he returned I was ready with shears to clip his pinions, and he flew again. Then I gave him to the Devil, and have had him ever since.

XCII.

When, as must sometimes be, thou feelest thyself oppressed by the trials and agitations of Love, crave his magic mirror that thou mayest

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behold what manner of creature thou hadst been without him.

XCIII.

Thou chidest Love for the disquiet which he occasions thee, and enviest those in whom he seems to be accomplishing beautiful works, and wittest not that what thou art thinking of these they are thinking of thee.

XCIV.

There is another version than Moore's of the story of the Peri at the gate. She remained disconsolate until, encountering Love outside the rampart of Paradise, she declared that she had never until then known where Paradise was.

XCV.

The angels charged to exclude mankind from Paradise enter it not themselves.

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XCVI.

The Tree of Life grew along with the Tree of Knowledge in Eden; but, unless the Tree of Love grew there too, Eden is not to be confounded with Paradise.

XCVII.

The wise and learned among the ancients, with their erroneous cosmic system, could only place the sphere of Love in the third heaven; but the lover always knew it for the seventh.

XCVIII.

“Eros, I view afar the gentle light
Whereto to guide me on thou hast intent,
But have not wings, alas! like thee to fly.”
“How were it if I bore thee in my arms?”

XCIX.

When Silence speaks for Love, she has much to say.

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C.

The lover's silence is diviner speech.

CI.

Beware lest, tempering speech to soothe Love's
ear,
Thou miss the thing Love chiefly craves to hear.

CII.

Better forego fifty delights than once transgress
the frontiers of Delicacy. But where are these
frontiers? No authority has prescribed them:
and they are so diversely traced, not only by
different individuals, but by the same individual
in different moods, that Instinct and Reason
may fail to discover them. Yet, in proportion
as Love and Love become as one, is this
difficulty observed to diminish.

CIII.

Make thy Love's yieldings and condescen-
sions as easy as thou mayest. Atalanta would

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never have sped after Meilanion's apple, but she stooped for it when it came to her feet.

CIV.

Thou wert not thus gentle with thy Love
hadst thou never been ungente.

CV.

Reserve in War means rear, in Love means van.

CVI.

What a pretty dictionary might be made of
the euphemisms of Love !

CVII.

Perplexities of solitary Love
Are solved by Love and Love right easily.

CVIII.

Love found or fancied his wings too weak,
and gat him new ones. One he borrowed from
Passion, the other from Reserve. But when he

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fitted them on, lo! one would draw him this way, the other that: and while they strove he hung suspended until he had sight of his Lady, when the two became in will as one, and he flew to her bosom. But on which side stood the Lady? Ah! that we are not to know.

CIX.

Cupid and all the lighter troop of Love are winged that they may pass easily from one object to another. The wings of Eros as Love Human are ample, but rarely expanded: and as Love Divine he is seldom represented with wings, for he is omnipresent, and needeth them not, Hymen and Tenderness, too, are wingless, for where these are, there they would abide.

CX.

Not wingless is Desire, as feigned by some:
For, though he mostly pace this nether earth
Seasons there are when he can lift to heaven.

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CXI.

Tennyson represents Death as expelling Love from Paradise. But this is fabulous, for Love can be expelled by Unlove alone, and is never more beautiful than when he sits in the shadow of Death.

CXII.

Eros is the wisest of the Gods, because the oldest, and because there is nothing from which he doth not learn.

CXIII.

Once hath Eros wrought unwisely, when he made Death enamoured of the young and beautiful.

CXIV.

Psyche lays her symbol wings aside in the embrace of Love.

CXV.

The radiant gleam of immortality
Trust not, nor doubt o'er much, thus Psyche
warns,

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Whose very wing is but a shining dust.
Yet dust it is of Beauty, not of Death.

CXVI.

Love to Death.

If for a while thy shade must mantle me,
Then patient in the darkness will I wait :
Love none the less, yea, Love for ever, more,
More beyond thought, than if thou hadst not been.

CXVII.

By Love we travel sweetly unto Sleep ;
By Sleep we travel gently unto Death ;
By Death we make return to Love again.

CXVIII.

When from one image of Love paired with Love
Death lifts "the painted veil that men call life,"
Then Love on earth hath sight of Love in
heaven.

Prismatic gleam, of sunshine woven and tears.

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CXIX.

In the time of roses Love flits from flower to flower: but he is willing to sit for ever in the shadow of one cypress.

CXX.

Love, loving all things lovely, cannot but love himself: but whereas in all things else he is a master, herein is he a disciple.

CXXI.

Eros was the treasurer of the Age of Gold while it endured, and is its executor now that it is no more.

CXXII.

As the coursers of Poseidon mount with the mounting tide; so Eros comes triumphing upon the swellings of the heart.

CXXIII.

If Eros had not the care of the world upon his shoulders, he would pine away like Narcissus

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in the entranced contemplation of his own beauty; and, since the world would perish with him, without leaving even Echo to lament him.

CXXIV.

Eros, like Dian, inhabits heaven, earth, and hell: his heaven is Love, his earth Passion, and his hell Jealousy.

CXXV.

Anteros marvels that no temples are erected to him: but he in whose bosom the works of Love have been brought to nought, even though to its assuagement, is in no mood for the converse of the two temple-builders, Gratitude and Gladness.

CXXVI.

The true Anteros is not Antipathy, but Love of Self.

CXXVII.

Unlove is oft-times progeny of Love
Conjoined with Love in inauspicious hour.

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CXXVIII.

Wail not too wildly for expiring Love :
The Love that dies was never quite alive.

CXXIX.

Eros smiles when he beholds the olive of
Pallas feeding the lamp of Hero.

CXXX.

Pallas, Poseidon, claimed the victor's meed
When with her olive she o'ercame thy steed :
Yet sure the goodly growth was owed to thee,
For most it prospers nighest to the sea,
And, would man's care conserve the fruit benign,
Embalmèd must it be in bitter brine.

CXXXI.

"Lamp," said Psyche, "I have lit thee to
guide me to Eros: yet didst thou instead guide
Eros to me, this also were marvellous well."

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CXXXII.

Lamp new enkindled, Life with Love requite :
Eros to me, or me to Eros light.

CXXXIII.

The myrtle emblems not only love but faithful
love; for it is evergreen, and its fragrance
depends not upon the fleeting blossom but upon
the aromatic sap which is the life of its life.

CXXXIV.

"Hast thou with myrtle-wreath crowned him,
O Pleasure?" (*A Modern Sappho*) To expect
Love's enduring myrtle from the hand of Plea-
sure is to look to gather grapes from roses.

CXXXV.

The heroine of Naxos sank o'erwhelmed,
And perished 'neath the laurel and the rose
Heaped on her by her country's gratitude.
O for one myrtle leaf among them all !
Smiling had she arisen, strong to live.

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CXXXVI.

Fear not to forget Ianthe's self in Love if thou hast first forgotten thine own self in Ianthe.

CXXXVII.

Life without Love is as a flower without fragrance.

CXXXVIII.

Yet even the loveless life, like the scentless rose, may be beautiful, but it cannot be sweet.

CXXXIX.

Love, alas ! often puts golden treasure into an earthen vessel ; but he never puts earth into a vessel of gold, unless it be earth from a grave.

CXL.

Yet the fragile vase, if of Love's rare porcelain, may be as precious as his gold, and its frailty enhances its preciousness.

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CXLI.

It is said that Hope was the only good Genius left in Pandora's casket : but which of the others could have lived without her ?

CXLII.

When Love professes to live without Hope, look to his torch ; and if he speak sooth, thou wilt find that he has exchanged with Death.

CXLIII.

Rekindled torch of Love was never quenched.

CXLIV.

Love oft by seeming flight allures pursuit,
And casts thee down that thou mayst cling to
him.

CXLV.

If bridge of gold for enemy's retreat
Be built, what diamond, what gem of gems,
Shall pave the roadway of returning Love?

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CXLVI.

If thou thyself withdraw the thorn of Love
from thy breast, it remains a thorn : but if Love
withdraw it, it becomes a rose.

CXLVII.

The thorn of Love is ofttimes but the clasp
That knits his rose unto the robe of Life.

CXLVIII.

Every milestone along the road of Love is a
wreathed altar, and every guidemark a beckon-
ing angel ; but he tarries not to adore the one
or to sacrifice at the other.

CXLIX.

How the road of Love had been shortened for
us, could'st thou have seen me read thy first
letter !

CL.

Screened in my breast thy scroll unopened lies :
The heart hath read it long before the eyes.

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CLI.

When Love and Love encounter, ancient grief
Flees away dancing, like the withered leaf.

CLII.

Sesame in the speech of Love is interpreted :
"Open to me who am open to thee." The
robbers' cavern would have obeyed the spell
even had it been empty ; but the heart can never
respond unless it be full of treasure.

CLIII.

One shrine is barred to Love, one opes in vain.
This would profane him, that would he profane.
Thy temple, opulent and sightless God,
By foot of Eros never may be trod :
Nor Vesta's hearth the suppliant will admit ;
For either he would soon go out, or it.

CLIV.

It is surprising how well Vesta has kept up
her character, considering the warmth of her
intimacy with Vulcan.

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CLV.

"How comes it, Dian," asked Endymion, "that thou being Goddess of the chase no less than of the Moon, hast not stocked thine orb with game for the disport of thy adoring shepherd?" "Endymion," answered Dian, "since the boar slew Adonis, no Goddess will suffer her lover to follow the chase; and I rejoice to know that my Endymion is here remote and immune from all pernicious animals. But hast thou not me? Art thou not Phoebus's brother-in-law? is not Venus, Nature's laws notwithstanding, in conjunction with the Moon every night for thy sake? What more is wanting to thy bliss?" "Sheep," said Endymion.

CLVI.

The shrine of Modesty is the vestibule of the temple of Love, and though the worshipper seem to pass her by, she attends him at Love's very altar. But love might as easily suffer an altar to Hatred as to Shame.

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CLVII.

One kind of shame Eros nevertheless permits and enjoins—shame at thyself on finding more divinity in thy Love than thy timid and narrow apprehension had suffered thee to conceive.

CLVIII.

Modesty is conscious Purity; Purity is unconscious Modesty. Modesty may be known under any veil; Purity cannot be certainly known until every veil has fallen away.

CLIX.

The flitting blush is as the opening of a window in heaven: but a perpetual blush were a perpetual stain.

CLX.

Eros is fabled to be the offspring of Beauty, but though Beauty had been from the beginning, she were not old enough to be the mother of her own father.

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CLXI.

Love is the divine Fire, and Beauty its glowing reflection in the skies of Time.

CLXII.

If Love desires Beauty, it is because Beauty is but his reflection, and exists by him and for him.

CLXIII.

Love may transmute all things, but he could as easily destroy his own essence as his second self.

CLXIV.

Eros is ancient as Necessity ;
But Aphrodite younger than the sea ;
For foam and shell in Love's delicious strife
Mingled in Ocean's deeps to give her life.
Fulgent she glows in golden beauty ripe,
But Love is her and Beauty's archetype.

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CLXV.

Aphrodite hath mostly chosen mortal lovers,
fearing lest Immortals should weary of her
beauty's immutable perfection.

CLXVI.

Aphrodite's beauty is now as when she for-
sook the sea; but Psyche grows daily more
beautiful under the tuition of Love.

CLXVII.

Love to Love's arms by Love alone be led;
The gentlest Virtue treads too heavily.

CLXVIII.

If Pity come as Pity, bid her stay;
But if in guise of Love, chase her away
"Beyond the fabulous Thamondocana."

CLXIX.

There is no Virtue but is both a teacher and
a learner in the school of Love.

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CLXX.

Not all the Virtues have equal access to the ear of Love. Hope may engross it if she will; but the reception of Truth depends much upon the nature of her discourse. Love has been known to listen to Prudence, and even to Patience: but he will never hear a syllable from Gratitude.

CLXXI.

Truth of Soul, Truth of Fact, and Truth of Intellect are not the same Divinity, neither wear they the same raiment. Truth of Soul is vested in a gentle radiance, like the lamp of Psyche. Truth of Fact adapts her attire to her company. But Intellectual Truth appears as a nude woman, to intimate that Woman is rarely enamoured of her.

CLXXII.

Ignorance and Innocence are twins in the same cradle. Ignorance is never reared, and

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her death is either the death of Innocence also, or her immortality.

CLXXIII.

As Love Divine Eros knows all things: as Human Love there are things which he would know if he might, and things which he might know if he would.

CLXXIV.

Love is wont to visit Man in the company of Desire; but Woman by himself.

CLXXV.

It is the privilege of a few elect souls to be in love with Love.

CLXXVI.

Lover is parted from lover that they may learn the omnipresence of Love.

CLXXVII.

Beware of Love, unless thou knowest him for thy wisest counsellor as well as thy most persuasive.

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CLXXVIII.

Love is the sum of countless emotions ; and he who repairs to him for repose is as he who would set foot upon the ring of Saturn, which seems a solid plane, and is a whirl of meteors.

CLXXIX.

If Love harangue, distrust him : if he discourse, see whether his deeds are agreeable to his words : but if he stammer, thou mayest take him to thy bosom.

CLXXX.

If Love the Mortal feels himself too weak to stand, and yet knows himself to be standing, he may be assured that Love the Immortal is upholding him.

CLXXXI.

The weakness of the Beloved shows forth the strength of Love. Tell me that my Love is too

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strong to suffer and too wise to err, and if I can credit thee, I shall tell thee to take her away with thee, for I shall desire her no more.

CLXXXII.

Let the weak woman who would be strong seek one stronger than herself; but the weak man one weaker than himself.

CLXXXIII.

Be very certain with thyself whether it is love or worship that thou cravest; and whether thou wouldst rather have thy Love in thy heart or at thy feet.

CLXXXIV.

If Love giveth thee not all thou cravest, thank him for what he doth give; remembering that the least of his gifts is such as thou couldst not possess without him, hadst thou all the wealth and all the wisdom of the world.

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CLXXXV.

Eros may give thee but a single rose ; but one rose from his hand can perfume the universe for thee.

CLXXXVI.

The surrender of woman is the touchstone of man, parting the noble from the ignoble as with the spear of Uriel.

CLXXXVII.

The earthly consummation of Love is either the passing bell that precedes and announces his funeral, or the trumpet that calls him to immortality.

CLXXXVIII.

If Passion wound Purity, it is as when Achilles slew Penthesilea : but if Purity repel Passion, it is as though Eurydice turned a deaf ear to Orpheus.

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CLXXXIX.

Had Passion and Purity never encountered,
Tenderness had never come into the world.

CXC.

The mutual purity of Love and Love is as the
purity of crystal, which, the purer it is, is by so
much the more transparent.

CXCI.

Deep tint of wine imbues the amethyst
That charms 'gainst wine's excess: so Purity
Glowes (say not blushes!) with warm hues of
Love.

CXCII.

All the holiness of all the saints is dim beside
the radiance even of erring Love.

CXCIII.

The fault of Love was ne'er without excuse.

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CXCIV.

Eros sins not, nor repents, yet mourneth he ever for the misdeeds of Passion and Jealousy.

CXCV.

Love cometh before thee laden with many transgressions : but when thou hast distributed their portion to Passion and Jealousy and Caprice and Ignorance, and most of all thyself, thou wilt find little remaining that thou canst lay to the charge of Love.

CXCVI.

Love by nature seeks bright things and shuns their opposites : yet there are times when he is enraged with the lark, and times when he longeth for the owl.

CXCVII.

“Eros, wherefore am I not suffered to enter thy pleasance ? Thou knowest that I would not

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gather a single flower." "I do know it," answers Love, "and therefore I do not admit thee."

CXCVIII.

Love and Desire together in debate
Strove for the praise of generous doing. "I
Receive not without giving," urged Desire,
"Nor giv'st without receiving," laughed back
Love.

Desire's brow darkened, but his tongue replied,
"How many a fire has vainly glowed for thee!
How full thy fane of offerings unreturned!"
Then answered Love, with triumph in his voice,
"Who willeth thus, his offering may reclaim,
If that the recompense he too resign:
And did all lovers so with one consent,
Than sightless Plutus I were richer far."

CXCIX.

It is an oversight of Apuleius to have identified
the offspring of Eros' and Psyche's bridal with
Pleasure, who had presided at the bridal itself.

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CC.

Yet Pleasure is the constant companion of Love, but not as his daughter but as his shadow.

CCI.

Pleasure is self-engendered mate of Love,
Than Earth more ancient far, yet ever young,
For, ever dying, aye is she reborn.
Her progeny is Fondness, gentle child,
But destitute of wing, and brief of days.

CCII.

Love can never weary of Love. If at any time he seem to drowse, be sure that something obnoxious has crept into his Paradise, that needs his torch to detect and expel.

CCIII.

Let not Love unfit thee for Life, lest he himself reproach thee, saying, "Why hast thou made thy good angel thy evil genius?"

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CCIV.

As Ianthé's soul arose "in naked purity"
from the prison of the body, so comes Love to
Love when he can free himself from the tram-
mels of the world.

CCV.

"I cannot make my Love my bride, nor yet
My mistress, nor my daughter, nor my friend."
Then make her thy good angel, in God's name!

CCVI.

A blessing, Prosper, past all thought were thine,
Had Ariel frame and feeling feminine.

CCVII.

Is life worth living? This if thou inquire,
'Tis probable that thou hast never lived,
And palpable that thou hast never loved.

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CCVIII.

Pallas can have had no suitors, or but mercenary ones; for true Wisdom never rejects true Love.

CCIX.

Wisdom but sounds, not sifts, the deep of Love :
The plummet never yet brought up the pearl.

CCX.

The most exquisite passages of Love have least relation to the realities of life : as myrrh, in becoming incense, ceases to be medicine.

CCXI.

Æsculapius and his serpent discourse sagely touching the infirmities of Eros.

CCXII.

The less ethereal works and ways of Love
Contemn not, lest thy scorn slur Love himself,
Who wrought them not had he not need of them.

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CCXIII.

Be Love's altar pure, but with the purity of flame.

CCXIV.

Disdain not the fuel of Sense on the altar of Love; for thou hast not fire without fuel, or incense without fire, or worship without incense.

CCXV.

Vulcan provides lest his fire devour his fuel, and Eros lest his fuel stifle his fire.

CCXVI.

"Platonic Love" in Plato's thought is not the negation of Passion but its exaltation. In its modern acceptation it is a mask so cunningly contrived that it will serve equally well to disguise Love as Friendship or Friendship as Love.

CCXVII.

Love as Spirit will teach thee to love Love as Sense, for he will show thee that Love is lovely

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everywhere. But Love as Sense will teach thee nought concerning Love as Spirit.

CCXVIII.

What Motion and Matter are to Nature, Spirit and Sense are to Love.

CCXIX.

The less spiritual emotions that follow in the train of Eros resemble foreign auxiliaries in the army of a great country. Eros conquers by their aid, and renders them their due, but cherishes them not as his own children.

CCXX.

Love in his pilgrimage lets fall much that he would fain have borne along with him, but much also that he would not stoop to pick up.

CCXXI.

“My dear Ianthe!” O Love! how the pronoun devours the adjective!

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CCXXII.

The blood whose sudden flush thy visage dyed,
Might well from wound of Bashfulness or
Pride:

But wound of Love, praise Heaven, it could not
be;

For wounded Love bleeds ever inwardly.

CCXXIII.

If thou deemest thy Love not good enough
for thee, thou art probably measuring her, not
against thy dwarfish desert, but against thy
huge unworthiness.

CCXXIV.

“Friederika is not good enough for me,” said
Goethe; “Lili is not good enough for me;
Charlotte von Stein is not good enough
for me; therefore I will espouse Christiane
Vulpius.”

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CCXXV.

Would that my eyes were thine! that thou
might'st see
Thy beauty as it beams beheld by me!
But no! thy spirit dimmed her light divine,
Looked she abroad through other eyes than
thine.

CCXXVI.

It is a moot point whether it be sweeter to
hear from lips of Love what you know, or what
you do not know.

CCXXVII.

The inconstant woman undergoes a perpetual
metempsychosis even in this life; one never
knows into what beast her soul may transmi-
grate next.

CCXXVIII.

When Teiresias recovered his original sex
after seven years, the women were in dismay:

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for, "of a surety," they thought, "he has the key to all our bosoms." "Fear not," he said, "for in learning to receive love as a woman, I have forgotten how to make it as a man."

CCXXIX.

If one seek for Truth, it is because he hath her not: but if one seek for Love, it is because he hath him already.

CCXXX.

Illusion and Delusion had compassion on the nakedness of Truth, and came proffering her, the first a veil, the other a mantle. "Thy gift," she said, "Illusion, bear to Love; and thou, Delusion, carry thine to Hope."

CCXXXI.

The illusions of Love are not always delusions.

CCXXXII.

I know that my Love is no mere ideal, for I must have been a God to have created it.

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CCXXXIII.

Deceive not Love, nor rudely undeceive,
For if his fairy paradise he leave,
Thence must thou issue too, and exiled rove,
Estranged from fays and talismans of Love.

CCXXXIV.

It is one thing to raise a veil, and another to
rend it.

CCXXXV.

Every veil secretly desires to be lifted, except
the veil of Hypocrisy.

CCXXXVI.

To reveal hidden beauty without displaying it
is the perfection of the speech of Love, as of the
skill of Art.

CCXXXVII.

The reserves and reticences of lovers are as
the choice roses which the chaplet-weaver lays

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aside from the rest; but one by one they all become braided in the garland of Love.

CCXXXVIII.

Love's touch means oftentimes more than
Love's embrace.

CCXXXIX.

Two classes of thy thoughts thou mayest
conceal from thy Love: those that are too
tender, and those that are not tender enough.

CCXL.

There are recesses of the realm of Love only
discernible by his most perfect light, like mountain
glens illumined only at noonday.

CCXLI.

As the astronomer beholds the star, not
directly, but by reflection, so Love and Love
discern each other's thought imaged in the
mirror of their own souls.

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CCXLII.

As the bud a leaf, so at last the thought becomes a word.

CCXLIII.

The thought that would delight thy Love must first have delighted thyself.

CCXLIV.

There is a distinction between Love's sweet thoughts and his dear thoughts: the sweet thought may remain unuttered, but the dear thought must have been shared with another.

CCXLV.

The thoughts of Love are like his caresses: the better half of the pleasure is the imparting of them.

CCXLVI.

Nothing burdens like an unshared secret between Love and Love.

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CCXLVII.

The sweetest thoughts of Love are his boldest
and his timidest.

CCXLVIII.

Memory is the bee of Love, who roves
To gather and store up his sweets for him.
Sting hath she too, sheathed but for fault of
Love.

CCXLIX.

Not Plutus plies a trade more lucrative
Than traffic of sweet thought 'twixt Love and
Love.
Each gains the other's goods, and keeps his own.

CCL.

Sweet are the words of Love, sweeter his
thoughts:
Sweetest of all what Love nor says nor thinks.

CCLI.

The dealings of Love and Love are like the
mutual transactions of two bankrupts, who

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continue receiving what they know can never be repaid.

CCLII.

Love neither gives nor takes receipt in full.

CCLIII.

Expect not, neither desire, to satiate thy craving for Love; for didst thou cease to thirst thou wouldst cease to drink.

CCLIV.

The memory of the sweets of Love is like manna, which needs to be renewed continually. But the sweets differ from manna in this, that they may be gathered in Life's evening as well as in his morning.

CCLV.

Love's grape matures for Youth, his wine for Age.

CCLVI.

If one encounter the ideal of his youth upon

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the confines of old age, it is with him as with the Magus Zoroaster, who met his own spirit walking in the garden, and perceived that its face was as the face of an angel.

CCLVII.

The *Nunc Dimittis* of the realm of Love
Is like thine, Simeon, yet dissimilar.
All sweet it sums when Youth and Youth unclasp,
But falls like snowflake from the lips of Age.

CCLVIII.

The wreath of roses beseems not the aged
head: but the wreath of myrtle may be borne
gracefully to the tomb.

CCLIX.

Let Beauty sit upon the knee of Youth, but at
the feet of Age: yet may Love raise her once
and again.

CCLX.

The Love which, like the October butterfly,

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needs the sunshine of other Love to call it forth,
must be frail, but may be all the more tender.

CCLXI.

Trust Love, nor fear to soar upon his track.
The wings that bore to Heaven will bear thee
back.

CCLXII.

Happy the aging man who can exchange the
staff of Eld for the shoulder of Love.

CCLXIII.

O that Love were as willing to learn of
Wisdom as Wisdom to be taught by Love!

CCLXIV.

Passion is Love's blind guide, but the only
one he hath.

CCLXV.

Inquire not whether Love hath gone astray
but whether he hath strayed from Love.

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CCLXVI.

Reason cannot guide Love, for he knoweth not whither he would go.

CCLXVII.

It is well if Love displease not when he speaks with the voice of Reason ; but how Reason charms when he speaks with the voice of Love !

CCLXVIII.

“Sense and Reason, those enchanters fair,” sought each with his own wand to call up Love. Sense raised him, but he would not stay. Reason would doubtless have kept him, could he but have raised him. But Love both came and stayed when Reason summoned him with the wand of Sense, and Sense cited him with the wand of Reason.

CCLXIX.

The cup of Love is never void or full.

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CCLXX.

At Love's high feasts there are two cups;
one never can be drained, and the other replenishes itself.

CCLXXI.

Love's choicest fruit, his garden's golden prize,
Screened in his scrip 'neath covering myrtle lies,
Nor will he give it forth until he see
Thee ripe for it as it is ripe for thee.

CCLXXII.

While the Tree of Knowledge, big with the
destiny of mankind, was growing up in Eden,
the little birds sang and flitted about it like
any other tree. So lovers pursue their delights
at the bidding of Love, nor dream that they
are wreathing flowers around the axis of the
universe.

CCLXXIII.

Love is immanent in Nature, but not incarnate.

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CCLXXIV.

Love's arms enfold Nature, and Nature's heart enfolds Love.

CCLXXV.

Love is not Nature's soul but her guest, in whose presence she delights, and for whom she is ever adorning her habitation.

CCLXXVI.

She hath already transformed all things for the better, except Love.

CCLXXVII.

Mourn thine unworth, yet undismayed rely
On Love to smooth what Nature set awry.

CCLXXVIII.

Nature is not thy lover, but she is thy well-wisher, and she can wish thee nothing better than Love. She hath done her part in render-

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ing the body meet for Love: be it thine to do
the like for the Soul.

CCLXXIX.

Would men consider that Love and Love
only keeps the world alive, they would cease
debating whether the world is good.

CCLXXX.

"Begone," said Nature to Chaos: "for thou art
the only existence in the universe for which I
have no kindness."

CCLXXXI.

Nature needeth not that any should teach her
wisdom; but whatever is above and beyond
Wisdom she must learn of Love.

CCLXXXII.

As an authoress Nature is open to criticism,
for her Book hath neither beginning, middle,
nor end.

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CCLXXXIII.

Nature's Book is a hieroglyphic to Wisdom,
but a mirror to Love.

CCLXXXIV.

The first readers of the Book of Nature held
it upside down.

CCLXXXV.

Nature's book began to be understood when
it was discovered to be an autobiography.

CCLXXXVI.

The seeming rents in the Book of Nature are
not leaves torn out, but leaves turned over.

CCLXXXVII.

Knowledge opens the temple of Nature, and
closes the rest.

CCLXXXVIII.

The Gods would have temples, in spite of all
that Religion could say.

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CCLXXXIX.

Religion consents that the temple shall become a museum, upon condition that the museum shall become a temple.

CCXC.

The metamorphoses of Proteus are not so various as those of Religion: but his are commonly into a baser form, and hers into one more beautiful.

CCXCI.

Nature worketh no miracle, for she cannot fly in her own face.

CCXCII.

Deem not that any Divinity can overrule Nature. Some Divinities subsist within Nature's sphere, and, did they transgress it, would be revolters; others dwell without, and, came they otherwise than as guests, would be invaders. But, unless the Devil be a Divinity,

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no Divinity was ever either a revolter or an invader.

CCXCIII.

"Wert thou perfect as I," said Nature to Love, "thou wouldst work no miracle." "That," answered Love, "would be the greatest miracle of all."

CCXCIV.

If Nature seem to persecute thee, this is not out of cruelty, but that thou mayest take sanctuary with Love.

CCXCV.

Dian is the most correct of the goddesses after Vesta and Pallas, and when she stooped to kiss Endymion she commanded an eclipse, which Nature forbade to take place. "What!" exclaimed she, "may I not do what I will with my own Moon?" "*Your Moon!*" scornfully ejaculated Nature. "Well," she said, "I can

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at least do what I please with my Endymion.”
“Your Endymion!” said Love, “Endymion
belongs to me and so do you, and you will both
have to do exactly what I tell you.”

CCXCVI.

It is certain that the universe is bounded by
Nothing: but is Nothing small capital or lower
case?

CCXCVII.

Some say that Nature sits as Isis veiled;
Some that she is the very veil itself:
But of a truth she is both veil and face.

CCXCVIII.

Nature is all divine; but she is not the
Divine All.

CCXCIX.

Nature and all above her, all beneath,
Panthea name and worship, till thou find

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What found is not, was not, nor e'er shall be :
Thing without God, existence undivine.

CCC.

The awful veil of Isis could we lift,
Panthea we should find, yet to what end ?
For everywhere without she too is found.

CCCI.

Art triumphed over Nature when she made
the Centaur and the Siren ; but Nature was
avenged when Art devised the Hermaphrodite.

CCCII.

The Hermaphrodite is the Icarus of Art—a
lovely but a fallen creature.

CCCIII.

Art unceasingly looks upon Nature ; but
Nature will not look upon Art, fearing lest she
should have to look up to her.

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CCCIV.

Love is greater than Art, for he needs her not for his perfection: but Art breathes not nor moves without Love.

CCCV.

Art achieves all little things by absolute truth: but all her great things need some admixture of illusion.

CCCVI.

It is no wonder if Art frequently prefers Illusion to Truth: for Illusion is her servant, but Truth her mistress.

CCCVII.

Would ye, fair flowers, by Art's enchantment live,
Shielding from death your beauty fugitive,
At shrine of Love be your petition made:
Pausias will paint if Glycera will braid.

CCCVIII.

Love as Painter belongs to the idealistic school—especially in portraiture.

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CCCIX.

By bestowing the expression of his own features on the Beloved, Love Painting achieves the ideal portrait.

CCCX.

Medusa was a great realistic sculptor, the head of the Gorgon School.

CCCXI.

• “Assume our snakes,” said the Furies to the Graces, “that nothing may be wanting to your loveliness.”

CCCXII.

Before the advent of Perseus, Andromeda had hung in nude beauty upon the ocean rock sufficiently long to excite jealousy among the Nereids. “Why gaze ye,” said they to the Tritons, “upon that deformed creature, who hath not a tail?” The Tritons vowed that they were deeply sensible of the inferiority of

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the daughter of Earth in this particular. "We know," said the Nereids, "that you are young demigods of excellent principles, but let him who thinketh he swimmeth take heed lest he dive."

CCCXIII.

Reserve veils the nude beauty of Art, Convention ignores it, Love deifies it.

CCCXIV.

The nude woman in Titian's "Divine and Earthly Love" might be interpreted as the messenger of Venus, alluring her richly dressed companion to lay aside her garments and ascend with her to the third heaven to which her fuming censer is pointing.

CCCXV.

Aphrodite hath never sinned, save when she espoused Hephæstus.

CCCXVI.

The Ideal was never unchaste.

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CCCXVII.

Rare things of Love are but for the elect :
In Lindus' temple stood an amber bowl,
Lovely for all, sacred for him who knew
That Helen's breast had traced the mould for it.

CCCXVIII.

Dumb are the plastic and the graphic art,
Looking on Love the things they cannot say,
But Music unto Love on many a theme
Discourses, hearkening much from Love again ;
And yet, though each hangs on the other's lip,
Their dialogue is but soliloquy.

CCCXIX.

Music laments that she alone of the Arts
cannot give immortality to the Beloved. She
can label her requiem with a name, but the
label remains a name. The feeling she can
embody, the object she cannot make known.

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CCCXX.

The ancients ascribed the invention of no musical instrument to Love, for they knew of none sufficiently sweet for him.

CCCXXI.

Music than Song steals nearer to the heart
Of Love, who of his task reminded smiles
As fond caress awakes the instrument.

CCCXXII.

Eros does nothing without Rhythm.

CCCXXIII.

Eros mingles not with the dance of the Graces, but he leads the dance of the stars.

CCCXXIV.

We know not whether Love has taken Life with him to the stars; but we know that he awaits her there if she be not already come.

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CCCXXV.

"Child," said Necessity to Love, "thou canst not open the World's door to Life without admitting Death also."

CCCXXVI.

Necessity is bound by her own chain :
No darling may she have, no favoured child :
But, were such possible, it should be Love.

CCCXXVII.

Necessity, when she would humble Love,
Sets him by Love, and fashions thus his speech :
O hadst thou asked me anything but this !
Then weeping hies he from the world of light,
And shrouds himself in Erebus a while.

CCCXXVIII.

O the anguish when thou must choose whether
thou wilt wound Love or Truth !

CCCXXIX.

Were Love exempt from the limitations of

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Necessity, he were greater than God and the World.

CCCXXX.

Atlas hath all Heaven upon his shoulders, yet upon condition that he move not head or foot: else would Heaven fall upon earth, to the ruin of both.

CCCXXXI.

Restraint and Freedom dwell together in the house of Love, as Martha and Mary in the house of Lazarus.

CCCXXXII.

The Love that transcends convention is as Perseus delivering Andromeda: but the Love that merely defies it is as Don Quixote freeing the galley-slaves.

CCCXXXIII.

Ascend above the restrictions and conventions of the World, but not so high as to lose sight of them.

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CCCXXXIV.

The restrictions and conventions are indeed but shadows : yet shadows have reality, though they have not substance.

CCCXXXV.

Love embraces the unclad Psyche, but drapes the bride of another : as when Dante saw him bearing Beatrice, "in a coverlet, asleep."

CCCXXXVI.

The bees that left their honey upon the lips of the infant Plato, but bore their stings away with them, are emblems of the caresses of chaste Love.

CCCXXXVII.

Chaste the embrace that mingles Love with
Love :

Pure as the sea whence Aphrodite rose,
And stainless as the heaven that welcomed her.

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CCCXXXVIII.

The lamp of Psyche is ardent as the torch of Eros, and the torch of Eros is pure as the lamp of Psyche.

CCCXXXIX.

Virginity is a form of Purity : but Purity is not a form of Virginity.

CCCXL.

Love Earthly and Love Divine have this in common : they are both the fulfilling of the Law.

CCCXLI.

Intellectual parentage frequently reverses the order of Nature, and Man brings forth what Woman has begotten.

CCCXLII.

Love and Marriage are as the celestial and the terrestrial steed that draw the chariot of the

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soul in the allegory of Plato; but here it is the celestial courser that is unruly, and the terrestrial that is submissive to the yoke.

CCCXLIII.

Eros arose before the morning star;
But Hymen, if old lore relates aright,
Breath from a mortal drew, and found not place
In Heaven, till place was none for him on earth.

CCCXLIV.

Hymen, saith Christ, is not in Heaven at all.
Yet saith he not there is not union
In Heaven of Love and Love, for ever one.

CCCXLV.

Hymen, like Desire, is beautiful only when in
the company of Love, but then is well nigh as
beautiful as Love himself: yet, unlike Desire,
he can never be mistaken for Love.

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CCCXLVI.

The beauty of Hymen is like the beauty of the Moon, derived from an ampler and diviner sphere. Without the light of Love he is all darkness, and without the attraction of Love he flees away into space.

CCCXLVII.

Since Saturn's reign the alliances of the high Gods among themselves are infertile, and the Deity who desires offspring must unite himself to a mortal nymph. Thus hath Human Love become the sweetest thing in Heaven as on earth.

CCCXLVIII.

"Pallas," said Hera after Psyche had for some time inhabited Olympus, "our new sister is a good soul, but distressingly human. She would never forget that she had been a woman, went she back to Hades, and drank Lethe

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dry." "Hera," answered Pallas, "my mind misgives me that in no long time we Deities must borrow a leaf from Psyche's book, and become Human would we remain Divine."

CCCXLIX.

The Gods spread Psyche's nuptial feast above the stars : but her nuptial couch had long before been spread upon the earth.

CCCL.

Love, who subjugates all other existences, is never but once represented as himself in love. When at length he seeks a mate, it is not the resplendent Helen, but the fragile Psyche.

CCCLI.

It is a beautiful thought and a deep allegory that when Psyche at last beholds the naked form of Love, she gazes with no shame, but with ever-growing delight.

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CCCLII.

Curiosity lit the lamp of Psyche, but Tenderness kept it aflame.

CCCLIII.

The radiant wings of Psyche, too frail to bear her to the skies, do yet denote her destiny and home, who drew Eros from the Eternal World only that he might bear her back with him.

CCCLIV.

Psyche's distrust of the unseen Eros were barely pardonable, did it not instruct us of the frail Human Soul's need of Love, the Enlightener and Deliverer.

CCCLV.

The lamp of the mystical Psyche is the lamp of Vision, which she may quench but may not kindle, and which beameth not at all times and seasons upon the Soul.

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CCCLVI.

In this world the Soul and Eros may never stand face to face: the veil of mortality is ever cast over him. Well for the soul if she cleave to Love and count the veil as nought: believing, without seeing, that his immortality is hers.

CCCLVII.

Psyche with her fault, and partly because of her fault, remains the embodiment of the Eternal Feminine, essential Woman in her frailty and her divinity.

CCCLVIII.

It were peradventure no unsure criterion between refined and rude nations, knew we by which the Soul has been conceived as feminine.

CCCLIX.

Though well the Ideal Soul be Woman feigned,
Type of true faith and purity unstained,

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Sex must in souls as frames divergent be :
Likeness Love loveth, not facsimile.

CCCLX.

The tale of Eros and Psyche is an old folk tale, and Apuleius has left asperities in it which a nicer delicacy would have smoothed away. But by the master stroke of identifying the nameless princess with Psyche he has taught us for all time that the Human Soul receives immortality from Love.

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